

Polish activities when it became generally known." We may be surprised and displeased also when we read further in the cable despatch the assertion that the Allied Commission is recruiting Germans for aid against the Polish insurgents.

All the statements just quoted are from current newspaper cable despatches. We are not now concerned to maintain the accuracy of all these despatches. Other incidents of a surprising character might be quoted in abundance. Accurate or not, there is substance enough in the accounts to show that Upper Silesia is not only a danger point, but that the danger is not local. How, for instance, can we confidently expect Germany to yield to the demands of the Allies in the matter of reparation or in other ways to abandon her sly policy of delay and avoidance, when she sees that the Allies do not deal with power and promptness in other matters over which they have properly assumed authority?

There are signs that the leaders of the great Allied nations are learning the lesson that they must act with a united front; that they must formulate their decrees, not first to please one nation and then to please another nation, but to insure the safety of Europe and peace that will last; and that they must firmly enforce just decisions once reached.

## WALTER HAMPDEN AND THE AMERICAN STAGE

IT is not often that a foremost actor of the present day ventures upon the hard task of repertoire playing. Indeed, there are few actors and actresses who are even willing to play divers parts. Most of them are content with playing themselves under the thin disguise of various names. Perhaps it is better, as Joe Jefferson said in effect, to cook one dish well rather than to cook many badly, but there will be few to deny that the player of many parts has the greater claim to dramatic honor.

Emphatically of this class is Walter Hampden, an actor who deserves well of the American public, not only for his skill, but also because for many years he has manifested an understanding of that high dignity to which the stage may attain when it is treated with the respect and honor due to a great art. The little theaters and groups of self-conscious players who would arrogate to themselves all the virtues of the present-day drama have yet to produce an actor with the range, power, and purpose of Walter Hampden. Critics who have no good word to say for the com-



WALTER HAMPDEN AS HAMLET  
At the Broadhurst Theater, New York City

mercial stage might well bear this fact in mind.

Walter Hampden is now playing in one of the most ambitious repertoires which any present-day actor has attempted. It includes "Hamlet," "The Servant in the House," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Macbeth," and "The Merchant of Venice." "Macbeth" and "Hamlet" we have seen, and the latter at least belongs among the finest productions of this play in recent years. The



WALTER HAMPDEN AS MACBETH  
At the Broadhurst Theater, New York City

poetry of "Macbeth" stood forth with unmistakable clearness, but the drama seemed to lack something of that vitality which we associate with the deeds of living men and women—and with Shakespeare's characters. The fact that some passages in "Macbeth" seemed of the stage stagey may have been due to Mr. Hampden's support rather than to any inadequacy in his own presentation.

Whether this was the case or not, virtually the same support in "Hamlet" failed to mar Mr. Hampden's presentation of the character which has tested the powers of almost every great actor for three hundred years. Mr. Hampden's "Hamlet" is one which could not have been created save by a profound and devoted student of literature and life. It is an honor to the American stage.

## INCURABLY RELIGIOUS

SOME of the letters received in the War Prize Contest, the results of which were announced in last week's Outlook, indicate that to not a few people the war was a kind of religious earthquake. Its horrors, its selfishness, the sufferings which it brought upon innocent children, the total disruption of social and economic life which followed in its train in many hitherto happy parts of the world, seemed to some people to prove that religion, or at least the teachings of institutional religion, are a mockery. It ought frankly to be confessed that there is some ground for this despondency.

But after a careful reading of all these letters and of many other war experiences that have been printed in various form, and after talking with men and women of all sorts who participated in the war, we are inclined to think that these catastrophic experiences—physical and spiritual—have not darkened but have cleared the atmosphere of the truest religious life. Some weeks ago we received a remarkable letter which confirms this conviction. The Editor of The Outlook had published over his own name, under the title, "What is the Use of Churches and Ministers," a review of a remarkable book, "What and Where is God?" by Dr. Richard Swain. The following letter came in response to that review from President Sniff, of Tri-State College, in the little town of Angola, in Indiana:

I want to tell you about that book review of yours. The book was Dr. Swain's "What and Where is God?"

Last night our engineering students, about five hundred men, met at their annual banquet. The President of the College, several members of the faculty, and several visiting

engineers of the Alumni Association addressed the meeting.

Professor Bailey, secretary of the faculty, stood before the body of men about 12:30 A.M. He said he had a peculiar task, which he would not attempt at this late hour without their consent, after fair warning, which he explained in full. In the first place he mentioned the book review by Dr. Lyman Abbott. He mentioned the odd title of the book. He told us that this review had so gripped him that he resolved to commit it to memory and recite it on this occasion if he had their hearty consent. He got their hearty consent at once.

Now a word about these men. Their average is about twenty-one or twenty-two years. They come from all over the world, thirty-five foreign countries and forty-four States. Nearly one-half of these men were in the late war, many of them minor officers. We have chapel service every morning and church services in three churches every Sunday, but these men do not go to chapel or church, barring a few.

This book review is philosophy and theology. I had read it and of course

was much interested in the audacious experiment of Professor Bailey. He began. It sounded good to me, but it beat me to see how marked was the attention. They had cheered speakers up to this hour and so far it seemed to me that their interest was fine. But all the time of his delivery of the book review, taking fifteen minutes of time after midnight, there seemed the profoundest of interest. It seemed odd to me. Here were hundreds of men, most of whom could not be persuaded to go into a church, listening to a book review on the subject, "What and Where is God?" intensely interested. How would they act at the close? As for myself, I felt as if I wanted to get up and shout, and call on that crowd to shout. The close did come with the most remarkable task completed, and that audience went into a tumultuous applause, strong and prolonged beyond anything on this occasion. I believe any one in that crowd could have brought them to their feet with one tremendous shout.

From that time to now I have asked myself, Why? There were speeches that were able, and some were brilliant, but that philosophic

and theological book review was listened to as nothing else, and I yet say, Why? It proves one thing, and that is that these young men have not driven from their minds all notions of religion. This was a hazardous experiment on the part of our Professor Bailey, but the result has given me new hope for the young men of this day.

We print this letter, not because of the implied tribute to the Editor of this journal—who, by the way, is not aware that we are making it public—but because it is an extraordinary confirmation of the truth of the saying of the French writer Sabatier, who once remarked that man is incurably religious; by which we take it he meant that man is not naturally pharisaical or theological, but is forever interested in the fine and intimate things of the spirit, and in man's relation to what Matthew Arnold called the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. This truth is also confirmed by the prize war letters published last week.

## FRANCE TO HER COMRADE AMERICA

### SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

EDITOR OF "LE MATIN," PARIS

**I**F, at the end of three weeks in America, after having had the honor of seeing her President and the advantage of speaking intimately with some of her statesmen, Senators, and business men, I had a message for the American people, I would give it the form of a prayer. And I think that Mr. Viviani, by whose side I have spent these three weeks, would join me in such a prayer.

This is what we would say:

"We ask you not to believe those who claim that France has forgotten the debt contracted by her towards America. It is a moral debt, because without America we could not have got the Kaiser on his knees, and by now we might be enslaved. It is a material debt that our children and the children of our children will not rest until they have paid.

"France's signature is good—whether it is to be found on a financial treaty or on a political treaty.

"She never goes back on it. She will give her last ounce of gold as she would shed her last drop of blood to live up to her obligations.

"We ask you not to believe those who say that France is imperialistic. France has recovered Alsace-Lorraine, bone of her bone and soul of her soul; she asks for nothing more. If to-day she still has a powerful, active army, if she is occupying foreign soil, it is not because of any wish on her part to annex territory; it is not for the purpose of appropriating anything, but to enforce payment of what is due her.

*"France refuses and always will refuse German labor. For five years she had Germans on her soil whose work is there for all the world to see—and it has been enough. . . . We place American friendship above all material or financial considerations."*

"The war did not leave in its train the same ruins and the same destruction in every country.

"Where are Germany's destroyed cities?

"Where are her devastated fields?

"Where are her mines flooded by a scientific process, and which cannot be restored before 1930?

"Life cannot be given back to the dead, but cities may be rebuilt, land again made fertile, mines reopened. Who is to do this? Germany or France?

"We ask you not to believe those who say that France systematically refuses all reparation offered by Germany. France never has refused and never will refuse any raw material that Germany can give to restore seven departments that were destroyed, the area of which equals that of Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island combined.

"But France refuses and always will refuse German labor. For five years she had Germans on her soil whose work is there for all the world to see—and it has been enough. She does not care to have, in the garb of the worker, the

same men who left in their soldier's uniform. She does not care to have foreign workmen who have laid down in advance the condition that if they come to labor in France they are to enjoy the full privileges of French workmen, including that of affiliating with the Federation of Labor.

"We ask you not to believe those who say that we want to involve America in every quarrel, every intrigue, every complication in Europe. We understand perfectly that her desire is to keep away from these, and we shall always be eager to respect her traditions, proclaim her rights, and yield to her fair representations, as we have just yielded in the Yap and cable matters.

"We place American friendship above all material or financial considerations. We do not ask America to take our place in the application of a difficult treaty: we only ask her not to make that application still more difficult for us by encouraging unfair opposition and discouraging our just efforts.

"We ask you to have confidence in us, confidence in our honesty, confidence in our moderation, confidence in our destiny. Even if we were alone in the world, forsaken by all, we would still find in ourselves strength squarely to face that destiny. But we ask you for that moral support which on this earth is sometimes of far greater value than mere material support. We need neither men, nor boats, nor money, nor pity—all we need is justice.

"And we ask you to let justice have full sway."